More Knaues yet.

The Knaues of Spades and *Diamonds*.

With new Additions.



LONDON



THE EPISTLE TO

any Man, but especially

to Fooles and

Mad-men.

FOR custome sake, and for no other cause,
Seeing ensample Imitation drawes,
I am content to vse a Dedication,
Which shall be framed of a new-found fashion,
Not vnto this, or that, great mighty Lord,
To flatter what his bounty will affoord,
Nor vnto such a rare and worthy Knight,
To praise him farre beyond his worships right.
Nor to this Maddam, and the tother Lady,
My freeborne Muse is no such seruile baby,
I will not fawne with Matchleſſe, valorous,
Rarely renown'd, diuine Ingenious;
Admired wonder, Map of clemency,
Applauded, lauded magnanimity,
The *Mercurie* of perfect eloquence,
True spheare of bountie and Magnificence:
The feirce and cruell warre God at the sharpe:
Appollo's better on the Lute and Harpe.

The Epiſtle.

Olde *Hector's* ouer-match at Pike and Launce,
Diſgrace to *Iuno* for a ſtately daunce,
The very *ſome ſuch* of true courteſie,
A Treaſurer to liberallity,
No, I will call men by their owne names thus:
To the prophane, and graceleſſe impious,
To careleſſe creatures brutiſhly inclynd;
To humane ſhape, poſſeſt with deuils mind.
To wretched worldling, either he or ſhee:
To fooles and mad-men, ſuch as moſt men bee.
To them that ne're will thanke me for my paine:
And ſuch of whome I doe expect no gaine.

Samuel Rowlands.

The Knaues, of Spades and Diamonds.

OVr *fellow* Harts *did late Petition frame*
To Cardmakers, ſome better ſutes to claime.
And for vs all, did ſpeake of all our wrongs:
Yet they to whome redreſſe herein belongs
Amend it not, and little hope appeares.
I thinke before the Conqueſt many yeares,
We wore the faſhion which we ſtill retaine:
But ſeeing that our ſute is ſpent in vaine,
Weele mend our ſelues as meanes in time doth grow,
Accepting what ſome other friends beſtow,
As now the honeſt Printer hath beene kinde,
Bootes, and Stockings, to our Legs doth finde
Garters, Polonia Heeles, and Roſe Shooe ſtrings,
Which ſomewhat vs two Knaues in faſhion brings.
From the Knee downeward, Legs are well amended,
And we acknowledge that we are befreinded;
And will requite him for it as we can:
A knaue ſometime may ſerue an honeſt man,
To doe him pleaſure, ſuch a chance may fall,
Although indeed no truſt in knaues at all.
He that muſt vſe them, take this rule from mee,
Still truſt a knaue no further then you ſee.

Well, other friends I hope we ſhall beſeech
For the great large abhominable breech
Like Brewers Hopſacks: yet ſince new they be
Each knaue will haue them, and why ſhould not we
Some Laundreſſe we alſo will entreat,
For Bands and Ruffes, which kindneis to be great
We will confeſſe, yea and requite it too,
In any ſeruice that poore knaues can doe,
Scarffes we do want to hang our weapons by,
If any puncke will deale ſo courteouſly,
As in the way of fauour to beſtow them,
Rare cheating trickes we will proteſt to owe them.
Or any pander with a ring in's eare,
That is a gentleman (as he doth ſweare)
And will affoord vs hats of neweſt blocke,
A paire of Cards ſhall be his trade and ſtocke,
To get his liuing by for lacke of Lands,
Becauſe he ſcornes to ouerworke his hands,
And thus ere long we truſt we ſhall be fiſted,
Thoſe knaues that cannot ſhift, are ſhallow witted.



The Knaue of *Diamonds* promiſed before,
That he would be for Sea, and *Spade* for Shore.

Neptunes owne Knauery.

THe *Ocean* Monarch *Neptune*, in whoſe Pallace,
Thetis, with all her *Mermaids* made abode:
Mounted the crooked *Dolphin* for his ſolace,
And from his Court vnto the Shore he rode,
Where he encounterd with his luſtfull eyes,
A richer beauty then was *Paris* prize.

Caneus, ſweeteſt faire *Theſſalian* mayd,
Her did his luſt with rauiſhment defile:
As *Tarquin* delt with *Lucreſe*, ſo he play'd.
The *Dolphin* was his pander: all the while,
To *Iupiter* ſhee did lament the rape:
And he transform'd her into manly ſhape.

The Knaue of *Diamonds*

The Picture of a Pirat.

MY dwelling is vpon the raging waues,
My house by stormes is tost and carried still;
My seruants are a crew of theeuish Knaues,
To *Neptunes* rage I Tennant am at will,
My Neighbours are the Monsters of the Seas:
The great Leuiathan, and worse then these.

My life is spent in all outragious euils,
Vertue abhors the place of my abode:
My Ship is man'd euen with Incarnate deuils,
My heart (with *Dauid's* foole) denies a God,
And those same lawes (they say) he gaue to men:
My lawlesse nature keepes not one of ten.

When for a time I haue run on my race,
As former Pirates, my vngratious Fellowes:
I must expect a fatall dying place:
And make account to Anker at the Gallowes:
There like a Swan, to sing my dying hower,
That liu'd a Rauen, onely to deuoure.

To a Reprobate Pirat that hath renounced Chriſt and is turn'd Turke.

THou wicked lumpe of onely ſin, and ſhame,
(Renouncing Chriſtian faith & Chriſtian name)
A villaine, worſe then he that Chriſt betray'd;
His Maiſter, for Gods Son, he ne're denay'd,
But did confeſſe him Iuſt and Innocent,
When with his bribe backe to the Prieſts he went.
Thou that art worſe then deuils, they confeſt
Chriſt was the Son of God, thou Helliſh Beaſt,
That haſt liu'd curſed Theife vpon the Seas,
And now a Turke on ſhore doſt take thine eaſe,
Like a deuouring monſter in a den,
All that thou haſt, being ſpoyles of other men.
Thou that doeſt ſerue both Turke, and deuill ſo well,
Thou ſeek'ſt to draw (as they doe) ſoules to Hell,
Hauing a garment ready in thy hall,
For him that next from Chriſtian Faith doth fall,
Receiue this warning from thy natiue Land;
Gods fearefull Iudgements (villaine) are at hand.
Deuils attend, Hell fier is prepar'd:
Perpetuall flames is reprobates Re-ward.

The Knaue of *Diamonds*.

The Fox taken, comming to take.

STrange is the ſtrife, where Sathan is deuided,
Two theeues would haue a true mans cauſe decided
Betweene them twaine, for taking him at Seas,
Or elſe they ſwore each other to diſpleaſe.
One would haue all the ready Coyne was found
For boarding firſt, were it ten thouſand pound;
And then the other goods, equall diuide:
Quoth tother, firſt ile ſincke euen by thy ſide.
So too't they goe with fierce and cruell fight,
Vntill the one of them was ſonke downe right,
And tother had his men euen almoſt ſlaine:
And thoſe ſore wounded, did aliue remaine,
With that the priſoners being in the prize,
For their recouery, with themſelues deuiſe,
And of a manly reſolution, fall
Vpon the Pirats, and ſubdue them all.
Recouering that ſea-loſſe they had before,
So brought them kindly to be hang'd a ſhore.
And the old ancient Prouerbe true did make,
Some Fox is taken when he comes to take.

Like

The Knaue of *Diamonds.*

Like will to Like.

SEa Theife, and Land Theife, met by accident,
Vpon the way: and ſo conſorted went,
Vnto a Towne, where they together Inne:
There talke in what great dangers they haue bin,
And in their cups compariſons did make:
Which of them did moſt danger vndertake.
I (quoth purſe-taker) that doe liue a Land,
Prepare my foes to fight, in bidding ſtand,
Drawing my weapon like a Martiall man,
Hauing no woodden wals to hide me than,
And creepe into a Cabbin from a ſhot:
Quoth tother, ſlaue, my goods is manlier got
A thouſand times, then ſuch night-crowes and Owles,
That lurke in buſhes, like hedge-creeping fowles,
And cowardly vpon a man will ſet:
Through fire and water I my liuing get,
By thundring ſhot and ſtormy raging ſeas,
When thou wilt picke a pocket at thine eaſe.
Pocket (quoth he) and ſtabs him ſodainly:
Tother againe with ponyard did reply,
Each charging th'other for an arrant theife.
So Conſtable came in, and to be breife,
Wapping, and Tyburne chaunc'd to be their ends:
And ſo the hangman made them quiet friends.

The Knaue of *Diamonds*.

Lightly come, Lightly goe.

CAptaine, ti's we do make things cheape or deare,
As by our peny-worths it doth appeare.
A yard with vs is iuſt in length a pike:
To buy ſilkes ſo, what man is't will diſlike,
Or ſay we vſe our cuſtomers amiſſe?
Your London meaſure (friends) comes ſhort of this,
Bee't three pile Veluet, Sattin, Taffaty,
A Souldiers Pike's the Ell we meaſure by.
Thus much for Mercers: next for Grocers trade,
Our weight is like vnto our meaſure made,
Our pound's a Cannon bullet, good downe waight,
In Spice, or Suger, this is no deceit.
Then for our wines (the ſqueaking Vintners Art)
We can affoord them for a penny a quarte.
Yea fill yon pintes euen by the bucket full,
But how can this be, ſaith ſome ſimple gull,
That neuer trauail'd out of Bow bell ſound?
Marry Sim-ſimple heare and ſtand thy ground:
That which we haue, we ſteale from friends and foes,
It comes good cheape, and ſo good cheape it goes.

When

When theeues fall out true men come by their goods.

WHen theeues fall out, it hath bin often known,
True men by their contention get their own.
A ſharing ſort, extreamely did fall out
For true mens goods, they long had been about
At ſeas (a theeuing) and being come a ſhore:
Some had too much, and others claimed more.
So 'mongſt them all there was extreame adoe,
For that which none of them had right vnto.
To law they durſt not goe about their claime,
Fearing 'twould out how they had got the ſame.
So in a furie euen as hot as fier:
To fight it out in field they had deſire.
And being met in ſtrange tumultuous ſort:
Great companies to ſee them did reſort,
Who (after many wounds) do part the fray:
And carry thoſe that doe the hurt away.
They that were wounded made account to dye,
And therefore told the truth moſt willingly,
Of this contention how the quarrell grew:
So true men got their owne, and theeues their due.

The Knaue of *Diamonds*.

All's Fish that comes to net.

THese damned Dice (I thinke) if truth were known,
Are made of diuels horne, or Diues bone.
Aboue a hundred pound I loſt laſt night,
But woe to them that next appeare in ſight:
For whome they are, or whence ſo e're they bee,
My money double and their deaths Ile ſee.
Bring me a Canne of wine boy, quickly lad,
Put in Gun-powder, for Ile drinke me mad.
Get cords and ſticks to turne about their braines:
They'le ne're confeſſe vnleſſe a man take paines,
And wring it out of them euen in deſpight:
Or burne their fingers ends with candle light.
Where they haue hid their money they'le denie:
What mercy to ſuch villaines, that will lie
To gentlemen like we, that ventrous winne,
And haue no other trade of comming in?
I make aſmuch account to kill a flea,
As rob my father if we meet at ſea.
Be who it will, a ſtranger or my brother:
Conſcience is one thing, ſtealing is another.
As Conſtables forget their friends in watch:
So weele know no man, when his goods we catch.

False

The Knaue of *Diamonds.*

False Knaues will neuer be true.

TWo wicked villaines of the curſed crue,
Did vow to be vnto each other true;
In all they got vpon the high-way ſide,
What ere it was, moſt equall to diuide.
Remaining ſharers thus, too well they ſped,
Till one of them fell ſicke and kept his bed.
The partner theife, then took the trade alone,
And deſp'ratly did venter, fearing none.
As phraſe is vſd, without both feare or wit,
Many bold robberies he did commit,
And ſcapt them all; but yet with many a wound,
Meane time the other was recouered ſound:
And comes to queſtion with his fellow theefe,
Acquainting him with wants and money griefe:
Demanding of him by their league and vow,
The halfe that he had gotten to allow,
For fellow (ſaith he) we are bound by oath,
To ſhare all purchaſe equall twixt vs both.
Tis true (quoth tother) Ile not be forſworne,
To breake my promiſe with thee, I do ſcorne.

So

The Knaue of *Diamonds*.

So drawes a Bag of mony, and his ſword,
And ſayes behold, I meane to keepe my word,
There's halfe the mony for thee thou doſt craue,
And come and take thee halfe the wounds I haue
We will be halfes aſwell in th'one as th'other,
Ile bate you not a ſcar, good Theefe ſworne brother,
When he had heard his reſolution thus,
Pray' Iudas (quoth he) keepe the Bagge for vs,
Share wounds, I like not, thou maiſt ſheath thy blade
Weele haue a Scriuener, when next match is made.

Cureleſſe, and Careleſſe.

IN cruell ſtormes at Sea, and great diſtreſſe.
The rage of Neptune ſeeming mercileſſe,
Ship-wracke expected, each man full of greife,
A deſp'rate fellow fell to eate ſalt Beefe:
Feeding ſo greedy that the reſt admir'd,
And what might moue him therevnto requir'd?
Marry (quoth he) you ſee we muſt be drown'd,
And I doe feede vpon ſalt Meat, thus ſound,
As the beſt victuals to cauſe thirſt, I thinke.
For we in Sea ſhall haue but too much drinke.

One

The Knaue of *Spades*.

One good turne asketh another.

ONe put a ieſt on's wife, (whoſe name I ſhow not)
To try her wit or pacience, which, I know not.
Walking together, they a wench did meet,
A proper one, of beautie paſſing ſweet,
Of whome, vnto his wife (my loue he ſaid)
Behold and note well yonder dainty Maid,
She was my Miſtris ere I met with thee,
A kinder creature I did neuer ſee,
So affable and gentle in her louing,
That of her like I neuer had the prouing,
But ſhe hath one exceeding imperfection,
Neglecting euen her credit's chiefe protection:
For, what we wantons, euer did amiſſe,
She told her Mother, euen to a kiſſe.
Husband (quoth ſhe) that proues your wench a foole,
My ſelfe am better taught in Venus Schoole,
For ere I met with you, I lou'd yong-men,
And we had meetings too like Cocke and Hen:
But I was neuer ſuch a ſeely aſſe
To tell my Mother what good ſport did paſſe:
Troth wife (quoth he) I hope you do but ieſt:
Husband (ſaid ſhe) becauſe plaine dealing's beſt,
If you meane earneſt, or your ſelfe belye,
Iuſt in the humor you are, ſo am I.

Like Maiſter like Man.

TWo Seruing-men, or rather two men ſeruers.
(For vnto God they were but ill deſeruers,)
Conferd together kindly, Knaue, with Knaue,
What fitting Maiſters, for their turnes they haue.
Mine (quoth the one) is of a bountious ſprite,
And in the Tauerne will be drunke all night:
Spending moſt lauiſhly he knowes not what,
But I haue wit to make good vſe of that.
Mine (quoth the tother) loues to drinke carowſe.
And is for Tauerne and for bawdy houſe.
For if he meet a whoore that's to his mind,
No money parts them, oh hee's pockey kind,
He hath ſome humors very ſtrange and odde:
As euery day at Church, and ne're ſerue God
With ſecret hidden vertues otherwayes,
As often on his knees, yet neuer prayes,
Quoth tother how doſt proue this obſcure talke?
Why man he haunts the Church, that's *Paules* to walke,
And for his often being on the knee,
Tis drinking healths, as drunken humors be.

The Knaue of *Spades*.

It's passing good (I doe protest) quoth tother,
I thinke thy maister be my maisters brother,
For sure in qualities they may be kinne:
Those very humors he is daily in,
For drinking healths, and being churched so,
They cheeke by iowle, may with each other goe,
But pre thee let vs two in loue goe drinke,
And on these matters, for our profit thinke,
To handle such two maisters, turne vs loose,
Sheare thou the sheepe, and I will plucke the goose.

To the olde yong Man.

THart old and graue, and onely fit for graue,
And hast all griefes that aged gray ones haue,
Deafe eares, blind eyes, the palsie, gout, and mut,
And cold would kill thee but for fire and fur.
Yet thou dost hate to heare of old and weake,
And of thy end wilt neither thinke or speake,
Nor measure life by length of *Dauids* span,
But wilt be held a strong and lusty man,
Well, since thy age of youth doth loue to lye,
Ile say th'art yong (in grace) to learne to dye.

The Knaue of *Spades.*

The Country cunning Man.

STand backe you figure flingers, and giue place,
Here's goodman Gofling will you all diſgrace.
You that with heauen's 12. houſes deale ſo hie,
You oft want chambers for your ſelues to lie.
Wiſe Gofling, did but heare the ſcrich-owle crie,
And told his wife, and ſtraight a pigge did die.
Another time, (after that ſcuruie Owle)
When Ball his Dog at twelue a clocke did howle,
He iogd his wife, and ill lucke Madge did ſay,
And Fox by morning ſtole a Gooſe away.
Beſides he knowes foule weather, raine or haile,
Euen by the wagging of his dun Cowes taile.
When any Theeues, his Hens and Duckes purſew,
He knowes it by the Candles burning blew.
Or if a Rauen cry duſt o're his head,
Some in the Towne haue loſt their maiden head.
For loſſe of Cattell, and for fugitiues,
Heele find out with a Siue, and ruſtie kniues.
His good daies are when's Chaffer is well ſold,
And bad daies when his wife doth braule and ſcold.

The Knaue of *Spades*.

To the Saint in ſhew, and Deuill in practiſe.

THou beſt of all men, for thy outſide praiſe,
Yet worſt of all men as thy inſide faies,
That like a Tradeſmans ware vpon his ſtall,
Sets out the good, to vtter bad withall.
Thou doeſt abhor all ſwearing (and doſt well)
Yet for thy gaine a lie wilt ſmoothly tell.
Thou hat'ſt a drunkards vice (which hate is good)
Yet wilt deceiue, pretending Brother-hood.
Thou doeſt condemne the Prodigals expence,
Yet wilt embrace the Vſurers offence,
And in a word thou think'ſt it may ſuffice,
If thou canſt maske thy ſins from humane eies,
Conſorting with the vertuous and moſt ciuill,
Like *Iobs* audacious, bold and ſaucie deuill:
Who compaſſing the earth (ſoules to moleſt)
Amongſt the Sons of God, ſtood with the beſt:
How euer thou doſt thinke thy faults obſcure,
And mak'ſt account to be eſteemed pure,
There is an eye that no man can delude,
Such hypocrites, from mercie will exclude.

The Knaue of *Spades*.

The Country Cormorant.

WIfe 'tis the onely yeare ſince we were borne,
To make vs rich by hording vp our corne,
I heare rare newes, the markets riſe apace:
The world will mend if this hold out a ſpace.
Within my barne is that muſt bring in Gold,
Wheat, Rie, and Barlie will be brauely ſold:
Let theſe ſame hungry needy Rats and Myce
Famiſh, I care not, I will haue my price,
And let ſpice-conſcience fellows talke their fill,
Mine owne's mine owne, to vſe it as I will:
Shall I be taught to buie and ſell by any?
No, Ile make profit to the vtmoſt penny,
Let our ſir *Domine* preach peace and plenty,
And let me ſell my wheat by buſhell at twenty,
For all his prating I not care a fig,
I know he will not looſe a tything pig,
Nor will I let aduantage ſlip away:
If this yeare (wife) proue not as I doe ſay,
Ile take a halter and go hang me then.
Let all that hate a villaine, ſay, Amen.

Patience

The Knaue of *Spades*.

Patience Perforce.

A Quiet man (to wrath and anger ſlow)
Match'd with a queane (a moſt ſhe-deuill ſhrow)
That kept him in obedience with her fiſt,
To doe, or leaue vndone, euen what ſhe liſt.
Vpon a time (choller growne very hot,
Againſt the haire) a broken pate he got,
But patiently wore night-cap ſickeman like,
And vow'd a woman he would neuer ſtrike,
Being content to pocket that abuſe,
And keepe true manhood for a better vſe.
A friend met with him, and demanded why
He wore a linnen cap ſo penſiuely?
Alas (quoth he) ſorrow doth much offend,
My wife's ſo ill I feare ſhe n'ere will mend,
No Doctor that will vndertake her cure,
For greiſe whereof great head-ache I endure.
And had beſides a flux of blood of late
To thinke vpon her deſperate eſtate:
Shee's ſenceleſſe growne, and will no reaſon heare,
And ſo will lie long on my hand I feare.

The Knaue of *Spades*.

When the fit comes ſhe is outragious mad,
Oh tis an old diſeaſe her mother had,
Runs through the blood, becauſe t'was bred i'th bone,
But here's my comfort, I am not alone:
Diuers my Neighbours I doe vnderſtand,
Haue wiues with like diſeaſes on their hand,
Whoſe fits they muſt endure as I doe mine,
Which makes me beare my croſſe with leſſe repine.
A Doctor that did view her vrine late,
Hath thus deſcrib'd her deſperate eſtate,
She hath a female frenzie in the braine,
Her tongue the cureleſſe palſie doth containe,
In ſpeach growne ſenceleſſe, reaſon doth abhor it,
Her heart is heart-burn'd, there's no cooling for it:
Her ſtomacke full of choller, corrupt gall,
Her fingers, fiſts, and nailes, rancke venim all,
No potion, nor no pill, can do her good,
Sweet gentle Doctor Death come let her blood.

Tobacco carted to Tyburne.

A Fleming late that kild one with a knife,
Carried by cart to end his wretched life,

Toward

The Knaue of *Spades.*

Toward *Tiburne* riding did *Tobacco* take,
(To purge his head againſt his heeles did ſhake.)
But I durſt lay ten pounds to twenty ſhilling,
To take his purge no wiſe-man will be willing:
Though Engliſhmen are apt for imitation,
Yet Maiſters, let the Dutchman keepe his faſhion:
For howſoe're it with his liking ſtood,
The ſmoaking did his choaking little good.

To ſmokey Noſes, and ſtinking Noſtrils.

GReat *Iupiter* being at a ſolemne feaſt
With all the Gods, *Vulcan* that ſootie beaſt,
A Pipe of his Tabacco fell to drinke:
Venus diſpleas'd, ſaid fye ſweet loue you ſtinke,
And I am ſure that *Iuno* you offend:
Neither will *Pallas* hold you for her friend,
Ceres will ſay the fume will blaſt her corne,
And *Floraes* flowers ſuch lothſome ſmell doe ſcorne,
Put vp your pipe, ſmoke here no more you muſt:
The very fleeme makes *Mars* his armor ruſt,
And cloudes *Appolloe's* glorious ſun-bright face,
Saturne you ſee ſpits at it in diſgrace,

The Knaue of *Spades*.

What rhume's in *Bacchus* eyes, how red they looke?
How long ist loue since you Tobacco tooke?
Marry (quoth he) late sitting on my trough,
(With that he whift till all the Gods cry'd fough)
Came a young deuill of th'infernall nation,
And brought me that with *Plutoes* commendation.
And said, to drinke with me he had desire,
Because I traded like to him with fire.
Now they drinke neither wine, nor ale, nor beare,
But fire, and stinke, and smoke, as this is here.
When *Ioue* heard this, well *Vulcan* (quoth he) well,
For shame let vs distinguish Heauen from Hell.
Cast hence your rowle, and your Tobacco ball:
Or else with thunder ile destroy it all,
My lightning shall consume it from your Nose,
With that from Heauen Mercury it throwes,
And downe amongst the Blackamores it lights:
Whome *Ioues* wing'd Herald did suppose were sprites.
So by that error they Tobacco got,
And fell to smoke it very burning hot,
As common and frequent with euery Moore,
As with th'infernall furies t'was before.
Not long fire drinking was at their dispose,
But that the smell came to the Spaniards Nose,

And

And he would teach his braine ſome ſmother too;
French, Dutch, Italian, they the like would doe:
But th'Engliſh to diſgrace them all did ſtriue,
His Noſe ſhould ſmoke with any Noſe aliue.
Thus like an ill weed that growes faſt, 'tis come,
To ſtinke in Noſtrils throughout Chriſtendome,
So that of moſt it may be truely ſpoke,
Their tongues yeeld idle breath, their Noſes ſmoke.

To beggerly Contention.

GOoſe late ſude gooſe, for goodman Ganders land,
And Fox the Lawyer tooke the cauſe in hand:
Whoſe long demurs, and new delaies together,
Left both of them in th'end not worth a feather.
Then being brought as poore, as poore might be:
Fooles they fell out, and beggers thus agree;
Each tooke a man, to end their idle brawle,
Who made them friends when Fox had finger'd all.

To a Domeſticall Cowardly Coxcombe.

IT ſaues thy head from many a bloudy knocke,
To play the Hen and let thy wife turne Cocke,
Thou dar'ſt not chide, thy wife hath tongue at will,
Thou dar'ſt not fight, thy wife hath Fencers skill,
Thou dar'ſt not ſpeake, if ſhe diſlike thy ſpeech,
Thou dar'ſt do nothing, ſhe hath won the breech.

On an ill Conſcience.

THe wicked wretch whom inward guilt doth ſting,
Moſt trembling hearted fearing euery thing,
He feareth God, for God's his enemy,
Sathan he feares to be tormented by,
He feares all creatures 'gainſt him will aſſemble,
He feares himſelfe, himſelfe doth make him tremble.

To Machiauill the Deuils State-man.

TO thee that art impos'd of villanie,
The Deuils States-man for all trecherie.

That

The Knaue of *Spades*.

That art of that religion beares moſt ſway,
A Papiſt now, a Proteſtant next day,
Or any thing with any man for gaine:
That canſt all humors flatt'ring entertaine,
To pleaſe the world, that it may pleaſure thee,
Iuſt faſhon'd as incarnate Deuils bee,
With gluttons, *Dives*: murderers, a *Caine*:
With Theeues, an *Achan*: and with *Iudas* traine,
A falſe and bloody vile *Iſcariot*,
That wilt be brib'd to any damned plot.
With *Corah's* crew, murmuring malecontent,
Grudging at Maieſtrate, and gouernment,
To thee that in thy life deny'ſt ſaluation,
A wilfull worker of thine owne damnation,
Know that thy howers doe haſten on to death,
And that a Deuill at thy parting breath,
Will find that ſoule, which thou deny'ſt to haue,
And all thy life thou did'ſt neglect to ſaue.

To Mr. Mony-bag the Vſurer.

THat riches ſwell the heart, it ſeemes by thee,
For th'art as bold with God as wretch may bee,

The Knaue of *Spades*.

Who in more fearefull caſe hath euer bin,
Then he that ſtoutly dar-s diſpute a ſin.
Gods law endures no change nor alteration,
It is not formed after humane faſhion.
That which he once decrees remaineth ſtill,
He that hath ſaid thou ſhalt not ſteale, nor kill,
Blaſpheme his name, commit adultery:
That dreadfull God prohibites vſury,
There is no place in all his ſacred Booke,
Doth tollerate that int'reſt may be tooke,
Yet thou doſt hold it a good chriſtian trade,
And very honeſt gaines thereby is made,
Tis but gratuitie that men doe giue:
And were it not there's thouſands could not liue.
Well ten j'th hundred, th'aſt a friend in hell,
Tis thought he got his mony eu'n aſwell.
For tis not ſaid he liu'd vpon his land,
Or got his wealth by any Tradeſmans hand,
Or that he was a Marchant, none of theſe,
But he was onely rich, and tooke his eaſe.
And who more eaſie gathers riches then
The Churle that gaines by ſweat of other men?
Yet to the poore that pyning mourn'd and wept,
He was more dogged then the Dogs he kept,

For

The Knaue of *Spades*.

For they lickt ſores when he deny'd his cromes:
But when the ender of all mortalls comes,
Pale Death, and brings the deuill for his due,
To carry thee vnto the howling crew,
Then ſhalt thou cry with horrors fearefull ſound,
Oh wearie waies on earth I wretch haue found,
The Sun of righteouſnes yeelds me no grace;
Come hils and hide me from the Iudges face,
Whoſe heauie wrath and iuſt incenſed ire,
Hath ſentenc'd me to euerlaſting fire.

To compliment the diſſembling Counterfait.

A Smooth-tongu'd fellow of our Citty faſhion,
That with what lacke you? giues his ſalutation:
And fleering fawnes, and fawning flatterers all,
Claim'd quaintance of a country-man at's ſtall,
Demaunding how his friends and neighbours fare,
And if he wan'ted any of his ware?
The Country-fellow by the fiſt did take him,
And in plaine ruſticke manner did beſhake him,
He leaues the hand, and giues him the embrace,
Aboue the Knees, the Thighes, and piſſing place,

Sir

The Knaue of *Spades*.

Sir, ſaies the clowne forbeare, it is enough,
You once deceiu'd me in a piece of ſtuffe,
Which makes me thinke the world is wondrous grown
In outward trickes, to that which I haue knowne.
The time hath beene, on tearmes men did not ſtand,
But bargaines held, with ſhaking by the hand,
Now in the armes we doe embrace each other,
And in the heart falſe Knauery doe ſmother,
Well Citizen, friend Tradeſman, and ſo forth,
Your kindnes is ſcarſce God a mercy worth:
I like a handfull of old loue and true,
Better then theſe whole armefuls of your new.

Harme watch, Harme catch.

OF late when *Boreas* bluſtring blaſts had blowne
Down mighty trees, & chimnies tops orethrown:
In th'interim of this fierce combuſtious weather,
A Tyler and a Surgion met together,
Whoſe congees paſt, and ſalutations don,
The Tylers further ſpeach he thus begun:
This wind he ſaith blowes profit ſtill to mee,
In liew whereof, two pots ile giue to thee,

The

The motions lik'd, and ſo they paſſe the ſtreet,
Till with a painted Lattis they doe meet,
The ſounding well they like, ſo in they went,
And budge not till the Tylers pots were ſpent,
When comming forth with ſage and ſober gate,
Downe drops a Tyle vpon the Tylers pate,
Who ſeeing the bloud run downe his cheekes amaine,
Amaz'd he cryed that he was almoſt ſlaine.
The Surgion hauingh's box of plaſters there:
Straight ſtancht the blood to put him out of feare,
And ſaith withall, twas more then he did know,
The ſelfe ſame wind to him ſhould profit blow,
But ſeeing I was beholding to the aire:
In liquid ſubſtance you ſhall haue a ſhare,
So in againe they goe, and twixt them twaine,
They dranke out part of what they hope to gaine.

To all Londons Naballs.

LIke to the body of ſome carion beaſt,
Whereon the Rauens and the Crows doe feaſt,
So is't with churliſh miſers when they die,
To ſhare their goods their friends and kinsfolks hye,

The Knaue of *Spades*.

Who rifle cheſts and ranſacke bags of gold:
When they with *Dives* are in deuils hold.

On vaine and curious Monuments.

WHat truſt of future praiſe in ſenceleſſe ſtones,
Containing rotten and worme-eaten bones?
What doe the gazers on report, but this?
Faire Monument wherein fowle carcaſe is.
Vertue dies not, her fame her ſelfe will raiſe:
Let them truſt Tombs that haue out-liu'd their praiſe.

Of a wicked Maieſtrate.

A Wicked Maieſtrate is like to thoſe
That ſhoot at birds in pieces and ſtone-bowes,
As with one eye their leuell they attaine,
So tother wincke at faults, and ſhoot at gaine.
For if a bribe doe entertainment find,
Iuſtice muſt feele, becauſe her eyes be blind.

The Knaue of *Spades*.

To a Gentleman foole.

THou boaſts of ſcutchions, armes, & high deſcent,
That on fooles legges euen from thy cradle went.
What credite to an idiot will ariſe,
To heare him ſay he had a father wiſe?
What honour can from Anceſtor proceed
To foole his ſon, that ne're did vertuous deed?

The Picture of a Swagerer.

A Bedlam looke, ſhag haire, and ſtaring eyes,
Horſe courſers tongue, for oths and damned lies,
A Pickt-hatch paire of pockey limping legs,
And goes like one that fees in ſhackles begs.
A Noſe that ſmoketh with Tobacco ſtill,
Stinking as lothſome as doth Hecla hill.
His ſiſt with hang-mans fire-worke cloſely fild,
His itching backe with Bridewell medicine kild,
His Rapier pawn'd, that borrowed which he weares,
And dares not ſee a Sergeant for his eares.

The Knaue of *Spades*.

His richeſt ware-houſe is a greaſie pocket,
And two pence in Tobacco ſtill doth ſtocke it,
His bootes that keepe his legs from nakedneſſe,
Holding a paire of ſtockins but exceſſe)
Came to him from a friend that late did dye,
Being indeed a Tyburne legacie.
For there they cap'red to their owners paine,
And there he meanes to bring them backe againe.
Which ſhowes ſome conſcience in the curſed crew,
That will not cheate the hangman of his due.

To the Deuils Secretarie.

HOw can a man refraine but he muſt laugh,
To ſee old birds deceiu'd and caught with chaffe?
This age hath beene by ſuch experience taught,
A man would thinke no Conie could be caught.
VVho will be drawne at Dice and Cards to play,
VVith one he meets as ſtranger on the way,
And be fetch'd in for all that's in his purſe,
Except ſome frantick madman, foole, or worſe?
I pitty not ſuch aſſes, I haue knowne
To borrow mony when th'aue loſt their owne,

To

To feed a cheater in his rogiſh play,
Yea from their backs haue pawn'd their cloaks away.
Such rather ought with ſhame to be derided,
That of their wits haue been ſo ill prouided,
Nor ſuch as will in ſecret (like cloſe Foxes)
Be guld with theſe ſame gold and counter boxes,
Made both as like in faſhion and in ſhow,
As thoſe are like to fooles, are couſned ſo.
For when they thinke they haue good gold in pawne,
On which ſome twentie pounds away is drawne,
Viewing the lyning of the box within,
They find but copper Counters, lead, or tinne.
But roome for one that thinkes his art far better,
The deuils ſecretarie with his letter,
And tels you he is ſent from ſuch a friend,
For certaine mony he entreats you lend,
And for aſſurance, ſhews the parties hand,
Whereby his meaning you may vnderſtand.
Or with acquittance, elſe to you he's ſent
From ſuch a Lord or Lady, for ſome rent,
Hauing their hands ſo cunning counterfait,
Many are wronged with moſt falſe deceit.
But *Plutoe's* pen-man you did late miſtake
The deuils errand for your Maiſters ſake,

The Knaue of *Spades*.

To bring a letter in a Maltmans name
Vnto a Brewer, twenty pounds to claime.
Such cuſtomers they neuer will abide,
The deuils Malt is filthy ouer-dride:
It ſtincks of Brimſtone, bad for beere and ale,
As you by this time ſtincke in Newgate Iayle.
Where we will leaue you till the Cart do call,
To ride vp Holborne to the Hangmans Hall,
To be made free, after ſome howers ſwing,
To cheate, to coſen, to doe any thing.

To a Gormondizing Glutton.

ONe like to *Hobee* for a monſtrous eater,
Or rather of a glutton ſomewhat greater,
Inuited was vnto a Gentleman,
Who long'd to ſee the ſame Hungarian,
And note his feeding: being ſet to dinner,
A leg of Mutton was the firſt beginner.
Next he deuoured vp a loyne of Veale,
Vpon foure Capons then his teeth did deale,
And ſent them downe into his pudding houſe,
So tooke the cup, and drinking a carowſe,

Fell

The Knaue of *Spades*.

Fell to his Rabets, and diſpatching foure,
Some wiſht him choakt that he might eat no more.
After all this he tooke bake't-meats in hand,
And ſpared nothing did before him ſtand.
The Gentleman then tooke a bowle of wine,
And drinking to his gueſt (the filthy ſwine)
Said, you are welcome ſir, I pray you eate,
Me thinks your ſtomacke doth not like my meate,
I thanke you ſir (quoth he) for your good will,
But all laſt night I haue been very ill,
And that's the cauſe my ſtomacke is but ſmall,
When I am well ile make amends for all.
If this be thy ſicke feeding, ſhame requite thee,
When thou art well the deuill ſhall inuite thee.

Fooles and Babes tell true.

TWo friends that met would giue each other wine,
And made their entrance at next buſh and ſigne,
Calling for Clarret, which they did agree,
(The ſeaſon hot) ſhould qualified bee
With water and ſugar, ſo the ſame being brought,
By a new boy in Vintners trickes vntaught.

They

They bad him quickely bring faire water in,
Who lookt as ſtrange as he amaz'd had been.
Why doſt not ſtirre (quoth they) with nimble feete?
Cauſe Gentlemen (ſaid he) it is not meet
To put in too much water in your drinke,
For there's enough alreadie, ſure I thinke:
Richard the drawer, by my troth I vow,
Put in great ſtore of water euen now.

To Madam Maske or Francis Fan.

WHen Conq'ring *William* had ſubdu'd this Land,
Saue onely *Kent*, which oppoſite did ſtand,
On tearmes of antient priuiledge they held,
The *Norman* Prince, with all his troops in field,
In great amazement on a ſuddaine ſtood,
To ſee (as ſeem'd to him) a walking wood,
For Kentiſh-men came marching all with bowes,
To offer peace, if he their ſute allowes,
If not, to fight it out with manly blowes,
Before their Priuiledges they would loſe.
Like wandring wood, as did that time appeare,
May now be met withall in euery Sheire,

Women

The Knaue of *Spades*.

Women are vp in armes on euery ſide,
About a priuiledge they claime in pride.
Brauing it out with woods vpon their backes,
Except the Husband his poore Tenant rackes,
And deales extreamely in the hardeſt manner,
There is no peace, but with the bloudy banner,
They ſound defiance and domeſticke warre,
Such Peacocke-tailes proud fooliſh women are.

Or thus.

WHen men amazed at their buſines ſtood,
A ſpeech was vſed; Faith I am in a wood:
To make an end of that ſame wooden phraſe,
There's order taken for it now a daies,
To cut downe wood with all the ſpeed they can,
Transforming trees to maintaine Maske and Fan,
So that the former ſpeech being errour tryed,
A new way turn'd it muſt be verified.
My Ladies worſhip euen from head to foot,
Is in a wood (nay ſcarſe two woods will doo't)
To ſuch a height *Licifers* ſinne is growne,
The deuill, pride, and Maddam, are all one.

The Knaue of *Spades*.

Rents raiſd, woods ſold, houſe-keeping laid aſide,
In all things ſparing for to ſpend on pride.
The poore complaining Country thus doth ſay,
Our Fathers lopt the boughs of trees away;
We that more skill of greedy gaine haue found,
Cut downe the bodies leuill with the ground.
The age that after our date ſhall ſucceed,
Will dig vp roots and all, to ſerue their need.

A hote Contention.

A Controuerſie there did happen late,
Where ſtrangers met about a hot debate,
Which I hope (Reader) ne're ſhall trouble vs:
A ſweating thing, cald *Morbus Gallicus*,
The Frenchman ſwore they did his Nation wrong
That ſaid the pox did vnto them belong,
Giuing it nick-names by the tearme of French,
As though no other had the fault to wench.
For he would proue to the Italians face,
That it was borrow'd from their ſtocke and race.
Th'Italian look'd vpon him ſterne and grim,
And ſaid the Spaniard had it before him,

Threatning

The Knaue of *Spades*.

Threatning the Frenchman for his lying ſin,
The pox, or he, would pull his Beard from's Chin.
The Spaniard vow'd he manifeſt could ſhow,
He fetch'd it from the Indies long ago.
When firſt they went for Gold and Siluer thether,
They brought home mettall, and the pox together.
At length came certaine Engliſh, Scots, and Dutch,
Who hearing their contention grow ſo much,
Would take vpon them an arbitterment
To make all friends, ſo vnto cups they went,
Powring in wine, taking Tobacco ſo,
Vpon them all the Frenchman did beſtow
His pockey kindnes, which doth ſo appeare,
That none can boaſting ſay, his Nations cleare.

Of Ghoaſts and Goblins.

IN old wiues daies, that in old time did liue,
(To whoſe odde tales much credit men did giue)
Great ſtore of Goblins, Fairies, Bugs, Night-mares,
Vrchins, and Elues, to many a houſe repaires.
Yea far more Sprites did haunt in diuers places,
Then there be women now weare deuils faces.

The Knaue of *Spades*.

Amongſt the reſt was a good fellow deuill,
So cal'd in kindnes, cauſe he did no euill,
Knowne by the name of Robin (as we heare)
And that his eyes as broad as ſawcers were,
Who came a nights and would make Kitchins cleane,
And in the bed bepinch a lazie queane.
Was much in Mils about the grinding Meale,
(And ſure (I take it) taught the Miller ſteale)
Amongſt the Creame-bowles & Milke-pans would be,
And with the Country wenches, who but he
To waſh their diſhes for ſome Freſh-cheeſe hire:
Or ſet their Pots and Kettles 'bout the fire.
Twas a mad Robin that did diuers prancks,
For which with ſome good cheare they gaue him thāks,
And that was all the kindnes he expected,
With gaine (it ſeemes) he was not much infected.
But as that time is paſt, that Robin's gone,
He and his night-mates are to vs vnknowne,
And in the ſteed of ſuch good-fellow Sprites,
VVe meet with Robin-bad-fellow a nights,
That enters houſes ſecret in the darke,
And onely comes to pilfer, ſteale, and ſharke,
And as the one made Diſhes cleane (they ſay)
The other takes them quite and cleane away.

VVhat

The Knaue of *Spades*.

What ere it be that is within his reach,
The filching tricke he doth his fingers teach.
But as good fellow-Robin had reward,
With Milke and Creame that friends for him prepar'd,
For being buſie all the night in vaine,
(Though in the morning all things ſafe remaine:)
Robin-bad-fellow wanting ſuch a ſupper,
Shall haue his breakfaſt with a Rope and Butter.
To which let all his fellowes be invited:
That with ſuch deeds of darkneſſe are delighted.

The Knaue of *Spades*.

The Seauen deadly Sins all Horſt and ryding to Hell.

1 THus rides to Hell the ſeauen deadly ſins,
The deuill leads, and *Pride* the way begins,
Mounted vpon a Lyon, ſterne of face,
Of ſurley carriage, and as proud a pace.
Ambitious, hauty, of vaine-glorious mind,
To vaunting and preſumptuous thoughts inclin'd,
Boaſting of beauty, riches, kindred, friends:
Which like a bubble in a moment ends.

2 *Luſt* on a Goat afrer her ſiſter *Pride*,
The ſelfe ſame iourney doth conſorted ride.
Rich in attire, all outward lures to ſin:
Full of diſeaſes, and the pox within.
Seducing fooles by her bewitching charmes
To buy deſtruction, with ſoules endleſſe harmes.
Which ſorrow out of ſeaſon oft bewailes,
When vnrepentant ſin of mercie failes.

The Knaue of *Spades*.

3 *Wrath* on a Bore, (incens'd by furious mood)
With caſe of Rapiers drawne, and dyed in blood,
All cholericke, not caring what he ſpeakes:
Nor whome he hurts, nor how the peace he breakes:
Vpbraiding all men of a diueliſh hate,
Still quarrelling, and wilfull obſtinate,
And euer of a damned reſolution,
To put his cruell rage in execution.

4 *Couetouſnes* doth backe an Elephant,
He of his wealth and mony ſtill doth vaunt, (baſe,
And counts his poore (though honeſt) neighbour
(Although farre richer then himſelfe in grace)
God he neglecteth for the loue of gold,
His ſoule for money euery day is ſold,
To ſcrape and get his care is night and day,
And in a moment Death takes all away.

5 *Gluttonie* mounted on a greedy Beare,
To belly-cheere and banquets lends his eare:
Though by exceſſe he finds diſeaſes breeding,
Yet his inſatiate gut is euer feeding.
With abſtinence he neuer can agree:
And ſhunnes the dinner where no gluttons bee.

An

The Knaue of *Spades*.

An Epicure, inhumane, brutiſh beaſt,
That pampers fleſh, and of his ſoule thinkes leaſt.

6 *Enuie* vpon a Woolfe; his inſide gall,
And neuer ſmiles, except at ſome mans fall,
Hates equals, ſcornes ſuperiours, loueth none,
Ne're wiſheth good but to himſelfe alone.

7 *Sloath* on an Aſſe, with heauie pace behind,
Of lumpiſh body, and as drowſie mind,
Inclin'd to onely eaſe and idleneſſe,
Makes vp the ſeauenth for the Deuils meſſe.

The Knaues are delt, the Game is plaid,
And with this wiſh concludeth Spade:
I would all Knaues who ere they bee,
Were knowne by ſight as well as wee.

FINIS.